



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN.

A LEGEND OF THE TSIMSHIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DURING the past summer I was unavoidably detained a week or two at Port Essington, British Columbia, waiting for a steamer to take several others and myself over to Haida Land. While there, I was so fortunate as to glean a few Tsimshian legends from a friend, one of which I shall send you for publication. It is, I believe, known as the "Legend of the Daughter of the Sun," and is as follows:—

The old folks tell us, that long ago there lived among the Tsimshians two brothers, whose wives gave birth, the one to a son, and, about the same time, the other to a daughter. The son of the one was remarkable for his plainness, while the daughter of the other was remarkable for her beauty. When they reached the years of maturity the son of the one fell in love with his cousin, the daughter of the other, who did not return the affection bestowed on her, but to his every request to become his wife gave a refusal. To his earnest entreaties she would say, "Do this for me, and do that; bring me such a thing, and bring me such another, and then I will become your wife." When each request was performed, and he claimed his just reward, she only laughed at him and called him a fool. Tired at length with her repeated refusals, he asked her what she meant by such conduct; he told her how strong and how unchangeable his love was.

"Well," she replied, "if you love me as you say, you will not refuse me one last request." "What is it?" he replied; "I will do it if I can." "Cut your hair close, such as slaves do, then come to me and I will be your wife." As a mark of subjection, it was customary amongst the native tribes on this coast to compel their slaves to wear short hair. So every freeman, who chose to have his hair cut short, was looked upon as no better than a slave, and so continued until it again grew long. Hearing this last request he hesitated, well knowing the consequences; however, after a while he went and had it cut, and presented himself, in order to claim his reward.

When she saw him she said, "You fool! to cut your hair for a woman, and become like a slave; I never shall have one like you for my husband: so go away and bother me no more." This last was the worst cut of all. He left, sad and sorrowful; day after day he wandered aimlessly about, not caring where he went, nor what became of himself. In his wanderings he came to a large house, outside of which he stopped, not caring to make his presence known to the inmates. After a while a woman came outside, who, seeing his

woebegone appearance, asked him what he wanted, and what was the matter with him. To her he told his troubles from beginning to end, withholding not a single item. When he had finished the relation of his troubles she said, "My son, I knew all thy past life before you told me. Thou hast told thy story truly, and withheld nothing from me. By thy doing so I will help thee along, which I could not have done had thy tale been false. Better days shall yet be thine. Thy cousin, who is indeed fair to look upon, refused thee; but there is one fairer still who shall not. Before long, the Daughter of the Sun shall become thy wife. Rest with me a while, and be refreshed before thou goest, and when you go I will show thee the way."

When ready to leave she took him outside, and showed him a path leading from her house, and told him to follow it a long way until he came to a very high mountain, to the top of which he was to climb. From its top he would find another road leading onward. This road also he had to follow, and at its farther end he would find a beautiful palace, where the people would show him what to do.

After leaving his kind hostess he journeyed onward, the road being long and wearisome, where his spirits, which had risen by his rest, again began to fail. By this time the mountain which had long been looming in the distance appeared to be getting nearer, which after a while he reached and began to climb. After a long and tedious climb he gained the summit, from which he found the road as directed. Once more on the road he hastened onward, until at length he found the beautiful house. Reaching it, he went to the door and knocked. In answer to the questions of Who was there? What he wanted? and Where he came from? he told his pitiable story of unrequited love, and how he had been sent to get the Daughter of the Sun as his wife. Hearing this, they called him in and made him welcome; also they told him in a little while they would give him a pretty wife. After a while they said here was a wife for him, and brought the Daughter of the Stars, who was very beautiful, more so than any one he had ever seen. Yet she, although pretty, did not please him; so they took her away and brought him one prettier still, — the Daughter of the Moon, who, although she looked well, was not accepted because her beauty was too cold.

At last they brought the one intended for him, — the Daughter of the Sun, — the one for whom he had come so far; one who, as she stood before him in all her radiant beauty, fairly dazzled his eyes, and no doubt was a wife to him far ahead of his first love.

What this story was told for I am unable to tell, unless it was told "to point a moral."

James Deans.